

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

were anxious while the freight was being put off, to enjoy the opportunity of going ashore and looking at the plantation. They were accompanied by one of the officers of the boat, and made their appearance in the vicinity of the plantation. Now, the planter (and Dr.) observing this, and feeling called upon to show the party some attention, did so by sending one of his negroes to secure the ladies such a small, convenient, and comfortable carriage as was available for the occasion. This was, of course, not to be accepted, but the ladies, having a natural curiosity to look at the domestic arrangements of the peculiar institution, turned their attention to the negro quarters, and were taking a look at the specimens of the rising generation of colored persons, who were teaching about the cabin, when the Dr., earnestly approached again, and, amidst the African politeness and deference for white ladies, that his "Master" desired them to leave the premises. They were not so hasty in their movements upon this suggestion as to meet the approbation of the Dr. and he appeared in person and stated personally his desire that they should take their leave, without any delay. One of the ladies became speaker for the party, and stating that she displayed of politeness on his part had not been anticipated, asked whether he would have any objection to stating the reasons for his hospitable deportment. The Dr. immediately stated the cause he understood it, with great emphasis, and some profanity. He objected to his visitors not as individuals, but in consequence of the section of the Republic from which it was their misfortune to appear to him. He did not want people, male or female, from an abolition hole as Cincinnati, prowling about his premises! The party made its way quickly to the boat. The joke of the matter was that the lady who had addressed the Dr.—asked an explanation and received an insult—had been up to that time, the champion of the South in the conversations which had taken place in the ladies' cabin, relative to the merits of the respective sections of the confederacy. She was an intense admirer of the South. There was nothing which she appreciated more highly than the generous and chivalrous Southern character. Warm Southern hospitality as contrasted with the cold selfishness of the North, was a theme upon which she dwelt with especial pleasure. It is stated that she met her admiration in this respect, considerably, after her interview with the master of the plantation at Horton's landing. It is not to be denied, however, that Cincinnati ladies are treated with disrespect anywhere in the Mississippi Valley, because they are Cincinnati ladies. The Dr. in the case, cannot, we hope, be fairly held to be a representative man of the planters of Arkansas. If he is not, they should read to him Congress.—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE OTTAWA RESCUE TRIALS.

The trials of some of the best citizens of Ottawa, Ill., under the Fugitive Slave Act, are still progressing in the U. S. District Court at Chicago. The offence is aiding in the rescue of the fugitive Jim in October last. One conviction has taken place. The trial of Joseph Stout was submitted to the jury last week, and up to Friday morning the case had not been heard. The facts after being out thirty hours came in and assured the Court they could not agree, but the Court refused to discharge the jury, though one of the jurors said they could not agree if they were kept together until 1890! Unreasonable treatment of jurors to make them agree, is a way of administering justice in keeping with the spirit of the Fugitive Act.

James Stout a lawyer of Ottawa, has also been tried under the same iniquitous enactment. He conducted his own defence. The jury in his case, after being out several hours, also aver that they cannot agree upon a verdict. The Press of Friday says:

"Thus there were two down men at least last evening shut up for the night, to the contemplation of the beauties of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the fruits of slavery entailed upon free society and free men. The trials of these quiet trials in our United States District Court has not yet ripened."

LATER AND BETTER.—In the case of Joseph Stout the jury after being out twenty hours, unable to agree, were discharged. Four held out against a verdict of guilty. A new trial will not take place before next month.

In the case of James Stout, the jury after about thirty hours deliberation, gave a verdict of not guilty! A not-pro, has been entered in the case of one of the brothers King. Mr. Horack, the only one convicted of the number indicted, will receive his sentence during the present term. The sentence will probably be light, as the U. S. District Attorney made suggestions to that effect to the jury, the object being to influence the act rather than its penalties. The Tribune remarks:

"This case for the present this series of remarkable trials, without precedent in the judicial annals of our country. The parties who have been made defendants are without exception men of high character and worth. Their only crime was, that, in aiding a fellow man to his liberty, they did not consider duly the order of his skin. The trials have passed quickly, and made scarcely a ripple on the surface of our busy city life, but the effect will be all the more deep and permanent in the minds of thousands of citizens of the free North-west, increasing the odium cherished for the law whose penalties these were alleged to have incurred."—Cleveland Leader.

A SAD FATE.

The man who is doomed to be a Republican editor in Ohio at the present time has a sad fate and is to be pined. The Legislature is so given to change, and comes about so suddenly, that it is difficult for the party organs to keep in tune and in harmony with the movements of the "volcano." About ten days ago the question was settled beyond dispute or controversy, that there was to be no adjournment of the General Assembly. More than two to one of the House, on a test vote, said so, and although the record of both the House and Senate before that time was mixed, no one doubted after the vote on Friday week. That vote was "unintentionally and unadvisedly" against an adjournment, and it was hailed by the local press of the Republican party as a wise, judicious and constitutional disposition of the question. The Democratic editors were taunted with their disposition for "leaving feeling" and their premature condemnation of the Republican members for that which the Republican county were known they would not do—vote for an adjournment. The decision of the question on Friday week against an adjournment, being the first act of the Legislature which the local press of the party could with a sincere and honest intent approve and approve, there has been

rich displays of joy, and extravagant praise bestowed upon the Republican members, for the determination of the question in a "sensible, economical and constitutional way"—against an adjournment. Now, just when the local press is beginning to arrive at the Capital with the message of "well done" impressed on its face, the Legislature turns around and in a few minutes adjourns on that day. This was, considered an invitation not to accept the hospitality which might be offered in the house, and the party having a natural curiosity to look at the domestic arrangements of the peculiar institution, turned their attention to the negro quarters, and were taking a look at the specimens of the rising generation of colored persons, who were teaching about the cabin, when the Dr., earnestly approached again, and, amidst the African politeness and deference for white ladies, that his "Master" desired them to leave the premises. They were not so hasty in their movements upon this suggestion as to meet the approbation of the Dr. and he appeared in person and stated personally his desire that they should take their leave, without any delay. One of the ladies became speaker for the party, and stating that she displayed of politeness on his part had not been anticipated, asked whether he would have any objection to stating the reasons for his hospitable deportment. The Dr. immediately stated the cause he understood it, with great emphasis, and some profanity. He objected to his visitors not as individuals, but in consequence of the section of the Republic from which it was their misfortune to appear to him. He did not want people, male or female, from an abolition hole as Cincinnati, prowling about his premises! The party made its way quickly to the boat. The joke of the matter was that the lady who had addressed the Dr.—asked an explanation and received an insult—had been up to that time, the champion of the South in the conversations which had taken place in the ladies' cabin, relative to the merits of the respective sections of the confederacy. She was an intense admirer of the South. There was nothing which she appreciated more highly than the generous and chivalrous Southern character. Warm Southern hospitality as contrasted with the cold selfishness of the North, was a theme upon which she dwelt with especial pleasure. It is stated that she met her admiration in this respect, considerably, after her interview with the master of the plantation at Horton's landing. It is not to be denied, however, that Cincinnati ladies are treated with disrespect anywhere in the Mississippi Valley, because they are Cincinnati ladies. The Dr. in the case, cannot, we hope, be fairly held to be a representative man of the planters of Arkansas. If he is not, they should read to him Congress.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Communications.

[The following letters, though not intended for the public, were read at the meeting at the Town Hall on Monday evening.]

LETTER TO ABRAHAM STEVENS.

SALEM, CHICKENIA Co. O. Feb. 27th, 1860.
MR STEVENS—Dear Sir: Though a stranger to you, your earnest, exalted manhood, and fraternal faith embracing all mankind, assure me that it is of little moment to you, whether Stranger or Kin visit you in your prisonhouse to sympathize with you in your labor and peril to give freedom to the oppressed of this land, and to offer the affectionate regard and sincere sorrow; of one who under society's limited dispensation of Censure, feels it too great an honor to claim even this poor relation, to a man, whose name, God and posterity shall set in the beauteous jewels of all coming generations.

As a man, a Christian, and an abolitionist, you are entitled to the united fellowship and sympathy of every true lover of his kind; as a Hero and Martyr striking society with new acquisitions of thought and beauty, mediating between the Oppressed and the Oppressor, making visible the attributes of Divine benevolence, in the harmony and joy of universal Freedom, you command the homage of the world. The inspired eye of prophecy, ever foreboding in Christ a highway and a way for the Redeemed to walk in. The animated eye of this generation beholds in your Harper's Ferry resolution a highway and a way, cut up for the wretched bondman, the Redeemed Image of the Lord to walk in.

How grateful I am that the Indefatigable Spirit, who dwelleth in temples not made with hands, gave you, who had eyes to see, a plan of deliverance to the down-trodden Slave; and whispered to you, who had ears to hear, let my people go that they may serve me!

The Religion and the Government of this land heard the law in the thunders of Sinai, but Ecclesiastical and Governmental gorges, hung from uplifted hands, screened from their dull vision the bleeding victims at their feet, and it was reserved for such as Stevens with the heart of Slavery in his heart and the sword of freedom in his hand, to raise the conscience of the nation. (Here a loud Amen.) In listening to the voice of conscience and obeying its behests, you have demonstrated your faith in the declaration of this nation's Independence, "That all men are created equal," and have shown unparalleled integrity, to the righteous Rule, of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you; and the nineteenth century may realize in the history of the Harper's Ferry struggle, a truer basis for a Governmental structure, which, when completed, among the wandering nations shall be called the People's Democracy, the Universal Republic.

Though doomed to die, you have not failed!—You have eliminated a principle involving the business of hatred of Slavery, and the root of patriotism, which explains that judicial crime upon the gallows.

Virginia makes practical confession of her crime against humanity and her sin against God, in her terrified submission to your handful of men, armed with the right. The slave you have inspired with new courage to strike for his own freedom, in proportion as he has witnessed the fear and the cowardice of the slaveholder. The Harper's Ferry affair makes still more apparent the supine fealty of the Colon-laborers of the North, to the Slave power of the South and grows with due honors the constitutionalist who sacrifices his manhood to secure to the master the unlimited ownership in his slave. Who dares receive the dreadful sacrificial Government, eye, Government may exclaim all right!

The question of Slavery you have reduced to its simple proportions, and the people will work it out. If slavery is right, then ought these men to die; but if wrong, then are they immortal. The argument follows.

In this country and over the sea, the generous philanthropist comprehends your mission, and counts it a success, and the true men and women of all lands, are busily weaving for you chaplets of honor and of fame beyond those of conqueror or of King.

Righteous martyrs, read in their angel visits to earth, the world's estimate of their deeds, as inscribed on the enduring marble, or engraven on tablets of human hearts. We sigh for the age of Heroes and Martyrs, but now over the proud to do them homage, till we have mingled the "wood and the gall, and planted for them the crown of thorns.

In the work that you have done, you not only feel innocent of crime, but have the assurance that your conviction of duty was divinely inspired, and your adherence to it, the grandest service that God and Humanity could demand. You have had courage and self-sacrifice to live a life of deeds, as those shall be added the magnetic sympathy, and support of thousands of strong hearts, when you come to die!

Jesus and Paul offered acceptable sacrifices upon the Cross, and the Black and the Brown, and his fellow laborers, will renew and intensify the offering upon a Virginia Gallows, upon the compliance of which hang the hopes of millions never before released. I thank God for such an altar upon which may be laid the broken fetters of America's bleeding Slaves, and am comforted over in the thought that your generous, noble spirit will find that intense joy, and sweet repose in the Bosom of Infinite Love, of which you have been robbed by an impious Slaveholding Religion, and a cruel Despot Government.—I would that I could offer the magnanimous prayer of Jesus, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

In the name of Woman I thank you for your toil and your suffering, your daring and your death. With the promise of your mission, her intentions and her destiny are clearly interwoven. The sacred right to her person, to the husband of her

choice and to the little ones God has given her, may not be restored. The consummation of your work will not only give freedom to the bondmen of this country, but will elevate, and enlarge the sphere of woman everywhere.—By your deeds she is already prepared to hasten her own emancipation, and take a position worthy of her womanhood, for which God and the race will unceasingly bless you.

In behalf of the Lovers of freedom for all, I congratulate you upon so much success, against such fearful odds. And especially do I rejoice that during your examination before Virginia's tribunal, and your imprisonment in her jails, that no word of compromise, or faltering testimony, has escaped you. I have looked—I think God in vain—for an hour of weakness when the expressed tenderness of friends, or the sad thought of parting with one more loved than all, or the horror of an ignominious death, might have overwhelmed your spirit, and prostrated your manhood. I am proud to call you my cousin, as a prestige of true nobility I glory in you as a man, and thank Heaven for a common Genealogy; and more than all I cannot withhold my reverence for the Divinity within you, inspiring you to lay down your life for the poor slave, and give yourself a ransom for a hypocritical Patriotism, a wicked Government and a false Religion.

I am anxious to know something of your history within the last ten years. Can you furnish it to me? I should be most happy to visit you in your dismal prison-house, now followed by your genial, manly spirit, which chains cannot bind nor dungeons keep. If you do me the favor to write, will you tell me whether any of your relatives are with you, and have they asked the precious boon of taking you to your native hills, and to the bosom of your family. If I cannot see you, I will do myself the pleasure to write you again.

With truest sympathy and love,

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.

HIS RESPONSE.

CHARLESTOWN JAIL, VA., March 9th, 1860.

MR DEAR STEVENS—Allow me to call you so, for cousin is too distant for such a warm soul as thine. I shall not have time to say much this morning, if I send this letter by this mail.

You speak about coming to see me; I should like to see you very much. I am always glad to meet such souls as thine. If you can get here before the sixteenth, and feel like coming, I shall be very glad to see you.

My sister Lydia is here now, and will stop with me until Monday next; she is a woman of much nerve. If you come on you will be treated like a lady here, fear nothing in that line.

I am very cheerful and happy, could not be more so; and waiting with patience the highest power of man. I have been very kindly since I have been here as a prisoner.

If you do not conclude to come, I will say Farewell. God bless you forever and ever.

Your brother in the bonds of love, truth and goodness.

A. D. STEVENS.

REPLY.

SALEM, March 12, 1860.

MR DEAR STEVENS—Your kind, cheerful, though often bitter, words yesterday, and gave me great pleasure.

I hope by a tender regard for the interests of mankind generally, and an unswerving devotion to the elevation of the down-trodden, I may ever deserve the more endearing appellation you so generously bestow upon me, and which I accept with grateful emotion.

I very much regret that my letter reached you so late, and that I can know so little of you and your history; though it is enough to know that you and your brave companions have gone before all other lovers of Freedom in this, or any other age, by contemplating relief commensurate with the wants of a despised and outcast people among or, whose bitter, disregarded cry has filled earth and heaven with its wail of sorrow and despair.

It is one thing for a suffering people to throw off the yoke of oppression, and struggle for their own freedom, and quite another to bare the bosom to the cannon's mouth in behalf of a proscribed race whom we have been taught socially, politically and religiously were sent into creation to serve well their masters, and fulfill their doom. I will remember within a few years, in Connecticut, "whose atmosphere is heavy with the odor of vacancy," when Miss Providence Crandall opened a school for free colored children, the Pulpit and the Press execrated her name for audaciously interfering with the fixed purpose of Providence to visit the iniquity of rebellious Ham, upon this nation, down to the latest day and generation of them that are Black.

Whatever may be man's "highest power" over you, you have a right to life. Nature is your debtor until she has deposited all her good within you. Society is likewise your debtor until she has given you the frankness of every being, lavished upon you the wealth of human affection, and enriched you with the infinite splendor of human thought. As God has given himself to you, nature and society are yours—and this fact makes God's whole earth your home, and all his children your brethren.

I have some hope that your sentence may be commuted, and I shall yet see you, though the time seems so short to visit you before the 16th. The presence of your brave sister, must have beguiled your solitary hours, and given you a precious testimony of the inexhaustible affection of true womanly nature.

I cannot doubt that you are "cheerful and happy," since Virginia's highest tribunal cannot dominate over the vital fact within you. The inspiration that attunes you to all that is pure and honest, and just and good, empowers you to say what every true creature of God is bound to say, "I and my Father are one."

If the cruel sentence of the law is executed, then I respond to your sad farewell, in a voluntary tribute of love and grief, together with a fresh consecration of the powers I possess to carry forward the unfinished work of emancipation, a cause so worth worthy of your heroic life, and your manly martyrdom.

In words of affectionate sympathy,

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.

"THE DAY OF THE LORD."

GRACE HILL, PA.

WOMEN, Ours, March 18, 1860.

MR. EDITOR: I am moved to write you, not knowing how else I shall send my parting feelings. Where are we now and whither do we tend? Six years ago I was with your people of Salem railing our voices against the "Nebraska Bill."

"Time that breaths all things onward," "Thought brought new steps onward," "I thought at least, and I am asking, Where are we now? Alas, I fear to answer. On the 16th

last, Virginia offered up to her Gods two more human sacrifices—Stevens and Hazlett—not satisfied with these stricken down in battle, those foully murdered after they had yielded the contest, and Brown and his four companions. Still is the cry of her Gods—"It is not enough." And again, Thaddeus Hyatt is in prison by order of the Senate of the United States, while Henry A. Wise refuses to appear and testify! Hyatt's crime is he defies the power of our Gods, "and by our law he ought to die." S. M. Booth in Wisconsin is imprisoned to compel the payment of a fine for resisting the fugitive slave act; and it is said the President is determined to make the Booth case a test of the slave act. This may be perhaps, but let him remember there is a

"Woe to weak tyrants, when the strong"

"Awake, and struggle and prevail!" His power at least but a few more days to run and riot. Twelve retreating moons hence and he will have passed away, and I trust some such as he has been will fill his place. But how long is the slave power to pursue, ask for, and demand, such suspended to have been engaged in this Harper's Ferry affair? Has Virginia no mercy? Will the time never come when she will consider the war at an end? If not, she will see the fruits of her doing.

I was not surprised to see the account of the arrest of a man who was supposed to be Captain Logan. By armed men, who would have taken his life, had he been the man who betrayed Cook and aided his return to Virginia, and consequently procured his death. Sir, deplore the matter as you and myself do or may, still such things will follow. I would not be Capt. Logan, nor Henry A. Wise, for all this world's wealth, for it would mar it all, even if I could still conscience, to know that the stronger of blood would meet me assuredly if I left the state or my home.

I speak this not in the spirit of knowledge or prophecy, but only in the light of the experience of the past.

How madly and suicidal the slave power is acting, in whipping and driving out citizens who are abolitionists to it. All these men have friends, and desperate ones. Will they never realize? I think human nature must change radically, or it will be done. The stone cast toward heaven will return on the head of him who sent it, and the floods overwhelm those who let forth madly the bitter waters of strife. I am growing more intense in my hate of slavery from year to year, yet I counsel moderation. Some of my friends expected me at Coppock's funeral, I would have come had I not been engaged to leave home on other business. I wrote a letter to our friends there which I wish you to obtain and if you think it of any consequence now, you may publish it, as some have wished to see it, and I have preserved no copy. Though not agreeing with you in many points, I still believe you to be doing a great and good work for humanity. The great questions are not answered—Where are we now, and Whither do we tend?

I may answer these another day.

Truly Yours,

EUGENE PARDEE.

SCOTTSVILLE, Chester Co., Pa., March 10, 1860.

MR. EDITOR—The Anti-Slavery Bugle—You, a Pennsylvanian, doubtless everything touching the present condition of the anti-slavery cause in that dear old Commonwealth possesses an especial interest. So I venture to give you an item or two of news which may prove interesting to your readers also.

A Republican Convention met recently at the capital of the State and recommended the Hon. Simon Cameron to the Chicago Convention, as a suitable nominee for the Presidency. Here is the "fang" which was wrapped up in a large number of generally excellent resolutions:

"Resolved, That to the union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population, its surprising development of material resources, its rapid augmentation of wealth, its happiness at home and its honor abroad, and that, consequently, we hold in abhorrence all manifestations for disunion, come from whatever source they may."

Only think of our overwhelming "honor abroad." I venture the opinion with diffidence, knowing that the whole affair is a game between political tricksters, but I really don't think the kineman of Lechler will ever be President of the United States, not that he is not superior to several individuals who have occupied that office, and to many more who are aspiring to it; but there are so many other patriots who are willing, and anxious, to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their country in this way, and at this very juncture; though I don't mean to intimate that there is ever any scarcity in this sort.

Wretched as is the position of the Republican party in this State, the official resolutions of which I have given you the worst, exhibit it in a more favorable light than those of the same organization in other quarters where greater pretensions are made. But it is the dreadful curse of our whole political system that we can never afford the luxury of being sincere. I know men in the Republican party of Pennsylvania, who heartily desire to give their whole influence to the cause of justice and humanity, but the trammels of party forbid it; the Union stands forever in the way.

A private letter received a few days since, gives the particulars of an outrageous case of kidnapping which occurred in Lancaster County quite recently. A black man, John Brown by name, living in one of the tenement houses of Mr. J. Williams Thorne, who resides in this county, near the county line, was seized under false pretences, in the night time, and hurried off to Maryland before any official pursuit could be made. Several other colored men have lately disappeared from the same neighborhood mysteriously, who are, no doubt, laboring under the lash on some Southern plantation.

Brown was, we now know, taken directly to Baltimore, where he was placed in one of the slave-pens, but having been removed to a second one, probably that all trace of him might be lost, was there presidentially seen and recognized by a Mr. Bond who had known him as a freeman, and who prevailed upon the jailer to release him. He is now at home again. Several of his kidnappers have been arrested and required to give bail, one of them is running at large under a reconnaissance of ten thousand dollars, another lying in the Lancaster jail in default of the bail demanded, six thousand. This affair may be regarded as another of the numerous evidences that we live in a "free country." There is certainly no other one preferring to be ostracized, where people take liberties of this sort. The amount of bail required indicates something like a return to decency, for we were once in Pennsylvania, in the olden times, and afterwards, until the Union had eaten out our consciences.

Virginia offered up to her Gods two more human sacrifices—Stevens and Hazlett—not satisfied with these stricken down in battle, those foully murdered after they had yielded the contest, and Brown and his four companions. Still is the cry of her Gods—"It is not enough." And again, Thaddeus Hyatt is in prison by order of the Senate of the United States, while Henry A. Wise refuses to appear and testify! Hyatt's crime is he defies the power of our Gods, "and by our law he ought to die." S. M. Booth in Wisconsin is imprisoned to compel the payment of a fine for resisting the fugitive slave act; and it is said the President is determined to make the Booth case a test of the slave act. This may be perhaps, but let him remember there is a

"You have, I presume, read Mr. Seward's 'great speech.' He is often spoken of, even by liberal writers, as a man who never resorts to clap-trap, or anything of the kind to further his designs. But I cannot help looking upon his thoroughly American antithesis, in which he opposes 'African slaves to white freemen' as belonging already to the ad captivum vulgus species of oratory, which, in anybody else, we should set down under the head of demagoguism. The phrases, 'Sink you to the level of the African,' and 'desire to elevate all white men to a common political elevation,' must be inexorably referred to the same class. Burns, born and bred under a monarchy, could clearly perceive and plainly declare that,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

"A man's a man for a' that."

American statesmen, of the first rank, are impressed first, last and always, principally with the fact that the black man is a "negro."

Think, too, of his speaking of the execution of John Brown as both "necessary and just!" His arrangement of the words in the prepared motto for the Republican party is ominous: "Union and Liberty"—Union first and Liberty afterwards. Depend upon it these things are not accidental—nothing of the kind is with such men as he, cool, clear-headed and able—they weigh the effect of an arrangement as well as the intrinsic worth of words. His assertion, in speaking of the various members of this Confederacy, that "the State least perfected and developed among them all is wisest and better than any foreign State he knows," must lower him in the estimation of all discriminating minds. But it will make him popular. I cannot agree with the Republican press, or rather the more liberal portion of it, in the conviction that Mr. Seward is "willing to wait." All these things taken together furnish me with strong evidence that he is quite impatient for promotion. There is so much human nature in great people, after all. For one, I must declare that I have seldom read a speech emanating from a man of any reputation, which impresses me as so contradictory, preposterous and unstatesmanlike. All the mob want is the authority of such a name as Mr. Seward's in justification of their negro-hatred and their false and impudent assumption of national superiority; the only question is how Mr. Seward can reconcile it with his conscience to furnish them with this authority. What a pretty means we are making of it.

You too have lately had some precious exhibitions of this sort. What an entertaining sight it must have been to you to behold the Republican Governor Chase, parading the streets of your metropolis, sandwiched between the man-stealing Governors of two slaveholding States!

"Wasn't that a dandy dish

To set before a king?"

They had been invited to your State, too, if I mistake not, by your Legislature, Republican I believe, as the best means of exhibiting to the world their own verities. But, as a Pennsylvania Democrat said to me, not long since, "Them European monarchs is just jealous of us because we're on the very pinnacle of fame!"

I cannot but believe that if the discriminating English correspondent of the National Anti-Slavery Standard could again visit this country and remain awhile among us, her views of men and things as expressed some time since through the columns of that journal, in the course of her amiable and unselfish perusal of the most faithful and able of the American Abolitionists, would be greatly modified, or rather, would undergo an entire revolution. We, who have the perpetual battle to fight with this meanness and corruption, see and feel that the necessity for remorseless criticism and relentless exposure, so far from having passed by, was never greater than it is at this very moment, now when the only political party making any pretensions to decency is already fairly within the outer circle of the Great Master-mind, which inevitably ingulfs all who venture near its fearful gyre, and when the omnia servientur potestate of Tacitus is about to be ended with a new and deeper meaning.

It is in times like these that one feels especially thankful for such men as Mr. Foster and Pillsbury, and others whom Mrs. Martineau brought to notice their exposures of the quacks and charlatans who are distorting the body politic, taking especial care of themselves in the meantime. The idea which these politicians seem to have of statesmanship is that it consists in adroitly taking advantage of the labors and sacrifices of others more unselfish than themselves, whom they skillfully manage to stigmatize as fanatical or impracticable. We hope recent occurrences will aid our British friends in attaining clearer ideas of our difficulties.

As for myself, I can never forget the incalculable services rendered to our cause in this State by the two gentlemen whose names I have mentioned and through the early labors of Mrs. Foster, services unappreciated in moment to us, as you yourselves are, eminently qualified to testify. The splendid and exuberant of Mrs. Foster's eloquence, have left an indelible impression on the minds of those who had the rare good fortune to hear her; and I am fully convinced that nothing could be more advantageous to the cause than a return to this field of these most noble and self-sacrificing laborers. But they have already imposed upon us a debt of gratitude which we are in no wise likely to cancel.

Very sincerely yours, &c.

HOWARD W. GILBERT.

THE COMMITTEE.

The United States Senate has put Thaddeus Hyatt in prison for the crime of denying that the body possessed the judicial power is assumed to exercise. This assumption of authority is another evidence of the increasing tendency of our government to despotism; and whether Mr. Hyatt acquiesces or falls in his present contest, he has attracted the attention of community, and given to those who have eyes to see, an opportunity of beholding the tyranny which may be called by a democratic form of government.

The appointment of the Investigating Committee was a piece of arrant political humbug, and designed only for party effect. While maintaining no anxiety to examine such persons as were opposed to the Democracy, ex-Governor Wise, who might be presumed to know as much about the matter as any person not immediately connected with it, has not been and in all probability will not be summoned before the Committee. Nor is it to be supposed that the Committee are ignorant of his possession of the knowledge the members possess a desire to acquire, for he has publicly declared that unless he is not exempt from the committee, he knows, Thaddeus Hyatt, who appeared before the Committee, and denied the authority of the Senate in the premises, is because of his testimony, confined in a jail, whose fiery position has been denounced on the floor of the Senate, but as Governor Wise, who declared in advance that he would not tell what he knew, being a Democrat, and a Republican Democrat, is not even summoned to testify, still less imprisoned.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—John Brown of Ossawatimie.

SALEM, OHIO, MARCH 24, 1860.

STEVENS AND HAZLETT.

Virginia has performed the 3rd act in her bloody drama—has inflicted the penalty of death upon Stevens and Hazlett. The brief telegraphic dispatch which chronicles the event, represent the victims as bearing themselves with manly fortitude, and baring no lot or tittle of their testimony for the rights of man. After their execution, their remains were delivered to their friends, and removed to the residence of Marcus Spring, near Newark, N. J., and interred with fitting rites in the cemetery at Englewood.

Virginia may strive to persuade herself that with the execution of these men has passed away all danger to her darling institution; but she will find that the shed blood of these martyrs, which she has so lavishly sprinkled over her soil, will be as the seeds of anti-slavery truth, from which shall be gathered an abundant harvest to bless those who persecuted, even unto death, these champions of impartial freedom.

THE SUPERLATIVE DUTY OF THE PATRIOT.

There has been a difference of opinion in the various ages and nations of the world in regard to what constitutes true patriotism. Marcus Curtius thought that the sacrifice of his life by leaping into the gulf from which pestilential vapors were issuing and destroying Rome, was the greatest evidence of patriotism that man could give. Lucius considered the defence at Thermopylae, against the invading hosts of Persia, as constituting a Spartan's highest duty. In more modern times some have thought that to die for liberty upon the block or gallows, as well as upon the battle field, was a manifestation of patriotism whose value none could deny.

In a Republic such as this, unlike any other republic of ancient or modern days, and peculiarly situated in regard to our "peculiar institution," there has necessarily been a considerable difference of opinion as to what true patriotism requires. Some have contended that it should seek out and adopt means to exalt the moral standard of the nation, develop its intellectual resources, and increase its industrial products; and some have fanatically asserted that every true patriot will take the Declaration of Independence in one hand and the Golden Rule in the other, and labor to bring the practice of the people into harmony with the two.

That such are altogether mistaken we have the assurance of the Republican State Convention of Indiana, whose members have mapped out the Patriot's path, and made it so plain that the simplest can comprehend, and the weakest perform the work. It is briefly summed up in this:—The preservation of the American Union, as witnessed the following resolution passed by that Convention:

"Resolved, That we regard the preservation of the American Union as the highest duty and duty of patriotism, and that it must and shall be preserved, and that all who advocate disunion are, and deserve the fate of traitors."

How the Union has been, and is to be preserved, is so well known to the politician as a common receipt in the cook book to the superintendent of a cooking stove. A Union saving meeting now and then with resolutions calculated for a southern latitude, a copious interlarding of political heresies with professions of devotion to the Union; on great occasions a fraternal mingling in Buchananian revels of Southern and Northern Legislatures, a mixing of black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, and to give a spic to such manifestations of patriotism, and evidence a sincerity which might otherwise be doubted, it is well to occasionally show an insurrectionary abolitionist, or hang some John Brown who dares not only to be free himself, but to make others free. Such is the most approved recipe for preserving the Union, and its efficacy can be testified to by as many certificates as ever affirmed the virtues of any quack medicine. Where "the highest object and duty of patriotism" is so evidently within the reach of all, who would not be a patriot? And who among the Disciple abolitionists can have the hardihood to stand up with the name of traitor branded upon his forehead by the Republican State Convention of Indiana, and with the declaration of that body ringing in his ears, that he deserves the traitor's doom?

A SUSPENSION.

The National Era of Washington, and the Republic of the same place, have both been obliged to suspend publication, at least for the present.

The present Congress, unlike its Democratic predecessors, has no particular use for a newspaper at the Capital and thinks it much better to give its printing to some others, than the publishers or editors of its central organs. The Era has done good party service during the many years it has been in successful operation, and so has the Republic during its short life. But the proprietors of these papers have found that whether or not the Republic are ungrateful, the Republican party has certainly manifested but little gratitude in its treatment of these journals.

But such is the treatment usually meted out to papers which advocate even a partial reform; and those

